

NEW-YORK CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, AND PHILADELPHIA UNIVERSALIST.

"HOW BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS, ARE THE FEET OF HIM THAT BRINGETH GOOD TIDINGS, THAT PUBLISHETH PEACE."—Isa. lii, 7.

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Original.

COGENT REASONING.

"That a universal providence is extended by God to all his creatures is admitted by all Theists; and it seems quite rational to conclude, that if God saw fit to produce a creature, it must have been for his own pleasure; and that for the same reason he must uphold and govern it. That any of his creatures should be neglected or get beyond his control, would seem a supposition quite irrational, and derogatory to his wisdom and power."—Dr. Ely's Synopsis. Page 22.

It is indeed very seldom that we meet with any thing like the above extract from the pen of a leader in Partialist Israel. And whenever we do we are greatly pleased. It rejoices our hearts to find that the ever-active mind of man will occasionally burst the barriers of partial creeds, and proudly soar in contemplation above the time-honoured systems of other and darker days, in essaying to know Him, whom to know is life eternal. And we confidently look forward to a period when all man-made creeds and perverted gospels shall be cast "to the moles and to the bats;" when the great mass of mind shall be disenthralled from the shackles of priestcraft and Limitarianism, and when the great Father of us all, shall be viewed by us all, as a Being of *infinite perfection*!

Many modern religionists seem to think that, although God created all things for his own pleasure, still, instead of governing them in such a manner as will render them *pleasing* in his sight, he rather looks upon them with careless indifference; and will actually become so negligent towards a portion of his own offspring as to allow them "to get beyond his control," become the *subjects* of a malignant foe, and eternally suffer under his cruel government! But the learned author of the Synopsis seems evidently to have been influenced by entirely different views in writing the above extract. His thoughts seem to have been so highly elevated as to lead him to view the Supreme Being as exercising a *universal providence* over the world, as *upholding and governing* his creatures for his own pleasure, and as being so mindful of them as not to permit any of them "to get beyond his control!"

"That a universal providence is extended by God to all his creatures is admitted by all Theists." Very true! Every consistent Theist who has any thing like just and rational conceptions of the nature and character of a Being who is absolutely *illimitable* in all perfections and attributes, cannot possibly avoid the conclusion that "a *universal providence is extended by God to all his creatures*." If there exists but one Creator, he must certainly have created all creatures. And any creature that was not too insignificant or too worthless for him to create,

cannot surely be too much so for him to take care of, and provide for.

"And it seems quite rational to conclude, that if God saw fit to produce a creature, it must have been for his own pleasure;" and, I may add, it seems altogether *irrational* to conclude, that he will not so order and arrange the circumstances of that creature's being as ultimately to place it in a situation which will be to himself *pleasurable*. If God really intended the creature for his own pleasure, this conclusion is certainly *rational*.

"For the very same reason he upholds and governs it." That is, "for his own pleasure." He governs the creature for this reason; and because he governs it, "the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper." If God did not govern the creature, but allowed its destination to be determined by some fortuitous circumstances, then indeed it might not be for his own pleasure that he had created it. But he faithfully "upholds and governs it" for his own pleasure. And consequently there can be no reasonable doubt but what the creature will eventually be placed in the very condition for which God originally intended it, and for which he constantly upholds and governs it!

"That any of his creatures should be neglected or yet beyond his control, would seem a supposition quite irrational and derogatory to his wisdom and power." Query: Does the respected author really believe it quite irrational to suppose that any of God's creatures will be *neglected* by him? If so, why is he numbered among those who profess to believe, that, at some distant period God will become so consummately cruel as to look with icy indifference upon the bitter agonies of a part of his offspring, without lifting a finger to mitigate their intense sufferings, and without feeling the least desire to relieve them from their distresses? Is it because he delights to give his influence to that which he esteems "quite irrational?" We respectfully call upon him for an answer.

Again, does Dr. Ely really consider it "quite irrational, and derogatory to the wisdom and power of God," to suppose that man cannot "get beyond his control?" Then certainly he cannot believe that man possesses an agency over which God has no control! Hence, to maintain consistency, he must admit that man does not possess the power of frustrating the purposes of God; and therefore, that his purpose will most assuredly be carried into complete accomplishment! Let a few more scales fall from the Dr.'s eyes, and no doubt he will be brought to the knowledge of the truth, that "God will have all men to be saved," and that "he doeth his will, and none can stay his hand."

A. M.

Reading, Pa. July 25th.

Original.

POPULAR REASONING.

It is to me a matter somewhat surprising, when I reflect upon the puerility with which many endeavour to support the heathen doctrine of endless misery. But especially, when I see and hear those who profess to be ministers of God's word, resort to the most absurd inconsistencies and palpable contradictions, my astonishment is excited beyond degree, and I am involuntarily led to ask myself if honest

christian sincerity is blended with their intentions. And too frequently is it the case, that from a deep conviction of its truth, my feelings are compelled to give response to this query in the negative. I would that this were not the fact, but it is even so.

Being in conversation a short time since with the Rev. Aaron Dutton, of Guilford, I had an opportunity of witnessing a fair specimen of the above described reasoning. After considerable talk with him upon the subject of Universalism, I was led to express myself in the following language: "If it be a fact that the doctrine I have embraced is false, I truly desire to be convinced of my error." To which he replied, "I do not believe you hope so Mr. Parmelee." "Then of course (answered I) you must consider that I have told you a falsehood." "It was not my intention to charge you with lying, (said he,) but I do not believe you would acknowledge it even if you should be convinced." I assured him that I would, and then turned the question, and inquired if he would not, provided he should become convinced of the falsity of his own sentiments. He answered, "It is very uncertain whether I should or not."

Being resolved, as it appears, to preach his favorite doctrine of unceasing torments, whether true or false, whether in accordance with, or opposed to, the word of God, he probably judged me from his own feelings! I cannot, therefore, consider him so much a subject of blame as I should have done had it been otherwise.—I would mention, however, that the rule of judging others by ourselves will not in my opinion always hold good, and we should be very cautious how we carry it into practice.

The subject of conversation was at length directed to the creation of man, his transgressions, &c. &c. the substance of which will be most easily given in the form of a dialogue.

Parmelee.—Do you not suppose that the Deity, when he created man, placed him in paradise and gave him his command, knew that he would transgress and that he should provide for him a Saviour, &c.

Mr. Dutton.—Most certainly. He without doubt knew perfectly well every event that would take place through the whole course of time.

P.—Do you imagine that any event can take place contrary to that knowledge?

D.—It is possible that it may.

P.—We will suppose then, an individual whom God knew at the creation would be lost. Now is it possible that he can be saved?

D.—Yes, it is possible.

P.—Will you inform me by what means his salvation can be effected?

D.—He may repent, as long as there is life there is hopes.

P.—Suppose then he should repent, and be saved, what would it prove?

D.—Why it would prove that God did not know any thing about it.

It will be noticed that in the course of our conversation Mr. D. admits it to be doubtful whether he would acknowledge himself in error even were he convinced of the fact. So we who have the pleasure of his acquaintance have strong reasons to believe.

As it is probable that many of your readers have no acquaintance with Mr. D. it may be necessary in order that they fully understand the following,

to relate a few circumstances connected therewith. Mr. D. for a long time has been a staunch advocate of pure Calvinism, but has now changed his course and preaches what, with us, is called Taylorism. Since which, in conversation with a member of his church, on being asked why he had changed his sentiments, replied, "I have not changed my sentiments, I have only changed my preaching. I have been preaching for thirty years a doctrine which I did not believe. It always contained absurdities and inconsistencies which I never could reconcile." Why then it was inquired did you preach it, if it was in opposition to your true sentiments? "Because," (said Mr. D.) I should have been obliged to preach to the walls of the house—the people would have received no other doctrine." This transaction was related to me by the person with whom the conversation was held. He is a respectable merchant in the town of Guilford, upon whose veracity we can safely rely.

When, therefore, we take into consideration the fact that he has declared it uncertain whether he would acknowledge himself in error, although convinced; and when, also, he has come to the acknowledgment of propagating falsehood, knowing it at the same time to be such, and yet has taught it with that knowledge, what assurance I beg to know have we that he is not at the present time teaching that which he knows to be false! What reasons have we to suppose that he is not now seeking the praise of men more than the praise of God? None at all—not the least security have we that he is not now preaching for the sake of human applause and sectarian popularity, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men, to secure himself still against the disagreeable necessity of preaching to the "bare walls" of his house.

Did we live in an age when martyrdom was an almost inevitable consequence of an open profession of certain principles, it would not be a subject of so great surprise. But from my heart I pity the man who, in a land of liberty and freedom, will thus wrap about his own neck the chain of slavery. I would wish to see every man, of whatever sect, cast from himself the yoke of bondage, no more to be entangled therein, and enter into the glorious truth of the gospel, which to know shall make us free.

LUTHER PARMELEE.

Guilford, Conn.

RIVER OF LIFE.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy tabernacle of the Most High. Ps xlvii, 4.

In this Psalm, the sweet singer of Israel, has set forth the character of Jehovah in a very interesting manner. He endeavors to impress upon our minds, this great and important truth, viz. that God is our "ever present help in trouble"—that he is the only being to whom we can go for comfort and consolation, when the dark shades of adversity hover around us. He says, "therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." As much as if he had said, "though all nature should be turned from her wonted course, though affliction and distress should compass me around, and all earthly friends should forsake me, yet will I put unwavering confidence in my heavenly Father; for I know he is almighty in power, impartial in justice, and unbounded in goodness." After thus explicitly declaring his belief in the infinite wisdom and goodness of the eternal God, he proceeds to state, that there "is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy tabernacle of the Most High."

We have a similar account of this "river," in the first verse of the 22d chapter of Rev.

"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." It appears that on

each side of this river, "there was the tree of life, the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

We will examine one stream which flows from this "river," and contrast it with one of more modern invention.

1. It is the grand design of God, "in the dispensation of the fullness of times, to gather together in one all things in Christ, both which are in heaven, and which are on earth, even in him." The object in creating man, was that he might "glorify God, and enjoy him forever."—For the proof of this assertion, we have the oath of the Almighty: "I have sworn by myself, the word is gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every knee shall bow; every tongue shall swear—surely shall say, in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." St. Paul advances the same sentiment, when he says, that "as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." What joyful news is this! Here we see that all are to be made happy, in the realms of eternal glory, where they will mingle their voices with angels and arch-angels, in celebrating the matchless goodness of God. What a glorious prospect! Will not this "make glad the city of God, the holy tabernacle of the Most High?"

2. Let us contrast this stream with one which has been invented in latter days. I refer to the infernal stream of brimstone and hell-fire.—This stream has completely inundated the world; sweeping all the best feelings of the human heart from their abode in the breast of man, and carrying him into the vortex of misery and distress. Wherever we turn our eyes, we see the fatal effects of its power—the angel of desolation accompanies it, in its march—and blight and mildew follow in its train. Is this the "pure river of life?" Alas! no; but rather the stream of death and damnation. Does this stream present to the sorrowing children of humanity, a balm for every wound? Does it proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound fast with the galling fetters of partialism? Does it breathe forth the song of angels, which is, "glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will towards man?" No; it does not. In too many cases it dries up the fountain of all joy and consolation, and multitudes have been made wretched by its heart withering influence. Hundreds have been driven to insanity and suicide. Surely this cannot make glad the hearts of those who worship in the "holy tabernacle of the Most High."

But we will go still farther—we will carry the doctrine into a future state of existence, and see if it will apply any better there. Let us for one moment imagine ourselves in heaven. Hear the melodies of the seraphic song—hear the joyous acclamations of saints—hear the loud chorus which makes the wide arch of heaven ring with hallelujahs,—Salvation and glory, and power, and honor be unto the Lord our God." But hark! hear the sulphurous billows roar! hear the loud shriek from the awful abyss! See the smoke of the infernal pit ascend up forever and ever! What form is that which appears amid ten thousand demons? It is a lovely and innocent child, who has been doomed by the irrevocable decrees of the Father of all mercies, to wail and howl with devils in the awful, blazing, prison-house of hell, throughout eternity! Hear him crying in the bitter agonies of distress for one drop of water to cool his parched tongue—but is denied. My God! My God! Can this enhance the happiness of the saints in heaven? Will it add any splendor to thy glory? Humanity shudders at the idea, and even the foul monster "total depravity" stands trembling in view of so horrid a picture.

This, therefore, cannot be a stream flowing from the "river of God; for those "make glad the city of God, the holy tabernacle of the most

high." And when that glorious period shall arrive which the revelator saw, "when every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them," shall say, blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever"—then,

"All sin shall be ended—transgression shall cease, All nature be filled with love, joy and peace; The victory won!—rebellion shall fall! And God, our Creator, become all in all"
Hudson, N. Y. Inquirer and Anchor.

JESUS CHRIST—His Burial.

Joseph of Arimathea went to Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus; then Pilate commanded the body to be delivered. And when Joseph had taken the body, he laid it in his own new tomb.

The next solemn service after death, is to convey the lifeless remains to the cold and silent tomb. There is more or less pomp or parade, according to circumstances. It is interesting to view the different ways in which this service has been performed by different nations. How many splendid funerals there have been on our earth for mere worthless beings, whose lives were spent in committing every species of crime. Especially has this been the case with kings and tyrants. On the other hand, many a benefactor has fallen, and been carried to the grave by only a few friends, in whose breasts were cherished the noble deeds of his life. One singular circumstance attending the burial of Jesus is the re-appearance of Nicodemus with another individual of the same character, both, doubtless, believing in Jesus, yet fearing to acknowledge him before the world. They doubtless thought as many do, that it was best to make up in respect to the dead, what they lacked while living. They must have felt the poignancy of their own neglect. Dr. Johnson, in one of his elegant numbers of the Rambler, justly remarks, "When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations for every fault: we recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaired, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood." A more impressive moral was never drawn from death. The observation and experience of mankind in every age, will abundantly add weight to its truth.

Though women were present, yet according to the sacred text, it would seem that the remains of our Lord were entombed by Joseph and Nicodemus. Where are all the thousands that thronged around the Redeemer to witness his miracles, to hear his instructions, and receive blessings from his hand? Where is that disciple who was willing to meet the horrors of a prison, and even death for his Master? Where are the twelve? Had he been the benefactor of an empire, weeping millions would have conveyed him to the tomb. He dies for a world, and that world crucifies him. What a funeral for the greatest, best and mightiest being that ever walked upon our earth! "Now in the place where he was crucified, there was a garden; and in the garden, a new sepulchre, wherein was never yet man laid." Here lay the Son of God in his lonely bed. But now his enemies even fear the truth of those very predictions which they had before treated with the utmost contempt. The fact in this case was that his words had sunk deep in their hearts, and they still believed as the most abandoned in all ages have, that God is on the side of virtue. "Now the next day that followed the day of the preparation, the chief priests and Pharisees came together unto Pilate saying, sir, we remember

MESSENGER & UNIVERSALIST.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1834.

HUDSON RIVER ASSOCIATION.

The Hudson River Association will meet at Amsterdam, Mont. co. on the second Wednesday and Thursday of Sept. next, (10th and 11th.)

GENERAL CONVENTION.

The General Convention of Universalists for the United States of America will assemble in Albany on Tuesday evening, Sept. 16, and continue in session the two following days.

WAR IN THE CAMP.

The Presbyterian Church is divided against itself. The sessions of the General Assembly for several years past have been scenes of confusion and strife. The "Old School" and the "New School" are at war. Many disagreeable things have been said and done by both parties. Ill feeling exists. "And the end is not yet," for I apprehend that "all these are but the beginning of sorrows." The majority of the members of the General Assembly appear favorable to the "new measures." Of the minority, "37 Ministers and 27 Elders, of which whole number 25 belong to the Synod of Philadelphia," have published what they term "An Act and Testimony." In this paper, they declare that the General Assembly, which is the highest judicatory of the Presbyterian church, has *connived at, countenanced and sustained alarming errors; that fatal heresies are sanctioned in that body, etc.* They recommend that a convention of those "who may concur in the sentiments of said act and testimony," be held in Pittsburg one week prior to the next session of the General Assembly. What the result will be, time only can determine. On some accounts I regret, and on others I am pleased, that there is a division in the Presbyterian Church. I regret it—because all such divisions tend to bring Religion into disrepute; and I am pleased, because, 1st. I believe that a dismemberment of said church will conduce to the preservation of our civil and religious liberties; and 2d. Divisions among themselves will show to the members of that denomination the propriety of exercising charity toward Universalists, Unitarians, &c.

The "Act and Testimony" above mentioned, has been *severely dissected* by DOCTOR ELV. He describes it as a huge "carcass," the first paragraph being "the head and brain." He writes as follows: "Here we have the eyes, looking all about on the churches; the mouth, speaking great things; the features which dissemble a grin in an awkward attempt to smile; and a soft, pulpy, medullary substance full of notions about errors; full of traces of inflammation, auguring insanity about some self-created judicatory higher than that which is *supreme* in the Presbyterian Church."—Next comes the *socket*, by which the head turns on the neck; then "we have the vertebrae of the neck, with the jugular veins, arteries, wind pipe, and the *œsophagus*, commonly called the *gullet*, by which the creature hopes to gull some if not swallow all." But the Doctor gives it as his opinion, that "however *slimed* over, the Presbyterian Church is not thus to be swallowed by any *sea-serpent*!"

Then comes the *sternum*, thrown over the whole chest of "the animal." On opening the sternum, the *heart* is dissected, and discovered to be diseased; "next we have the *lungs*, which admit free respiration, and supply all the other parts of this *ecclesiastical crawling monster*, with its cold-blooded vitality." The Doctor then brings the "*spleen* and *gall bladder*" into view, and says that they "occupy but a small place, and somehow, contrary to nature, have got above the liver." "Next comes the *liver*, large, well developed, and full of bile, with here and there a few calcareous concretions." "The abdominal viscera next come under our notice, but we have no wish minutely to dissect them." And through some other things, the doctor says he declines to run his dissecting knife. "What remains of the Act and Testimony is its *long tail* of many involutions, whereby it would appropriate to itself all whom it may catch."

The least that can be said of the *minutes* of this dissection is, that it is an ingenious and well written paper. I am not so sure that the Doctor has the right side of the question. So far as I have been enabled to examine the subject, I am satisfied that the "new measure men" have departed from the obvious meaning of the doctrinal standard of the Presbyterian Church.

A. C. T.

QUESTION ANSWERED.

We cut the following important question from the columns of the Christian Intelligencer, of New-York.

"How comes it, that when men are brought to repentance and the acknowledgement of the truth, who have been professed Universalists; they invariably declare that they never were really satisfied with Universalism, and never really believed in its doctrines? Will some of the 'knowing ones' of the sect answer this question, HONESTLY—without any equivocation or evasion."

Begging pardon for assuming a task assigned to "some of the 'knowing ones,'" we answer that the simple reason for the fact above stated, is either,

1. That those "professed Universalists," thus brought to repentance, are now *honest* and speak the *truth*; in which case they stand *self-convicted* of having been *HYPOCRITES* before, since they *professed* what they did not *believe*; or,

2. That they are now *LIARS*; and for the sake of recommending themselves to Limitarians declare that they *never believed* what they *actually did*.

We have no great reason to doubt that our Limitarian friends have some of both these classes of once "professed Universalists" in their ranks. And we assure them they are quite welcome to the acquisition. Our cause has no use for either *hypocrites* or *liars*. If Limitarians can employ them they may do something towards demonstrating two truths; 1st, that *nothing was made in vain*; and 2nd, that *the wrath of man shall praise God*.

We would observe before closing that Universalists are quite willing to go on in the business of exchange, with Limitarians. They, according to their own confession, get only our *worst members*, while we receive *ten* from them where we lose one, which is a matter of public notoriety, and generally from their *best members* too. Brethren, have you any more questions to ask? S.

SAUL'S JUDGMENT.

The object of this article is not to eulogize the general character of Saul, king of Israel—but to state the judgment by him passed on a certain occasion—which judgment appears specially worthy of commendation.

The election of Saul as King of Israel met the approbation of the mass of the people—but "the children of Belial said, How shall this man save us? And they despised him and brought him no presents."

The first important event in the reign of Saul was the deliverance of the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead from the hands of the Ammonites. Soon after the battle, "the people said unto Samuel, Who is he that said, Shall Saul reign over us? bring the men, that we may put them to death. And Saul said, *There shall not a man be put to death this day: for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel.*" 1 Samuel xi, 12, 13.

The considerations which induced this judgment were as follows:—Notwithstanding the opposition and rebellion of the children of Belial, the Lord wrought salvation in Israel. The destruction of the rebels could be productive of no good; and Saul felt himself called upon to overcome their rebellion by clemency and love. In so doing he contravened no law, either of justice or humanity. He clearly discovered that the men who called for the death of the persons concerned, were governed by wrong principles; and that due reflection on the circumstances of the case would correct the error, and justify the exercise of forbearance;

A profitable use may be made of the forgoing circumstances and reflections. Jesus is the King in Zion—but there are some who deny his authority, and say, "We will not have this man to reign over us." They despise him, and bring him no presents.

Emmanuel is waging war against the Prince of darkness. The Devil and all his works will be destroyed. Suppose the glorious day has arrived. Hark! our Partialist brethren say, "Who are they who said, We will not have Jesus to reign over us? bring the men that they may be put to death." I think I hear the Savior say, "There shall not a man be put to death this day: for to-day the Lord hath wrought salvation in Israel."

I deem this subject worthy of special meditation. We all believe that, notwithstanding the opposition of such as do not acknowledge the authority of Jesus, still God shall triumph in Zion, and his name shall be great among the Gentiles. What good could be effected by the endless death of any rebel? What evil would attend the exten-

sion of mercy to the whole family of man? In what way could God be so effectually glorified and Jesus honored, as by the final holiness, happiness and obedience of all mankind?

Remember the judgment of Saul!

A. C. T.

TRUE INFLUENCES OF THE GOSPEL.

We occasionally, in the course of our reading, meet with articles in Limitarian journals at which we have reason to rejoice—articles portraying sentiments in which every christian can unite, and breathing a spirit in which every christian should rejoice. They come to us as "green spots" in the dreary waste of Sectarian strife, and show conclusively, that however bitter and proscriptive our Limitarian friends may be when contending under the banners of *party*, there are seasons in which the pure influences of the Gospel of Christ, will reign triumphant with them, over every other consideration—when the cold, deadening influences of their creeds are far removed, and they stand forth, (as man ever should,) grateful, thankful beings, singing the loving kindness of their Maker and Preserver.

Such an one we regard the article copied below from the last New-York Observer, under the head, "I must praise more." The writer has caught the true christian spirit.—God has indeed been good to him—good to all. He is *love* to him, and *love* to all, both in his blessings and in his chastenings. His dealings with his creatures are all based in *love*—immeasurable, boundless! "His nature being love, it is *natural* for him to love his creatures." He must of necessity regard the work of his hand.

The writer asks, "reader can you not adopt my language," (of praise.) Yes, we respond, he whose heart has been lit up with even one spark of that divine love on which he is expatiating, can joyfully unite with him in *praises* to Him who hath done so much for us. And we cannot avoid the full conviction, that if our Limitarian friends would "*praise more*," and indulge less in the gloomy employment of portraying a wrathful, revengful Deity, for their fellow creatures to worship in fear, they would soon see the happy consequences thereof beaming forth in the *countenances*, as well as manifesting themselves in the *practices*, of men.

Why is it that they so freely condemn Universalists for indulging in the theme of God's unpurchased goodness to man, when they have the unerring testimony of their own experience, that it is the only source of joy and consolation to themselves? But we do trust there is an improvement in this respect, going on in the world. We hope to see it extend. P.

I MUST PRAISE MORE.

The title of a recent article was "I must *pray* more;" and in it I expressed wonder that we pray so little, and gave reasons why we should pray more. It will not hurt any body to read that article. It is in the Observer of July 19th. But it strikes me that we ought to *praise* more as well as *pray* more. I do not know how it is with others, but I know that I have a great deal, for which to be thankful and to praise God. I feel that it will not do for me to spend all my breath in prayer. I should trust, it is true, acknowledge my dependence on God; but where would be the acknowledgment of his benefits conferred upon me? I must spend a part of my breath in praise. O! to be animated from above with that life whose alternate breath is prayer and praise. God has been very good to me. Yes, he has exercised goodness towards me in all its various forms of pity, forbearance, care, bounty, grace and mercy; or to express all in one word, God is love, and he has been love to me. I do not know why he should have treated me so kindly. I have sought, but can find no reason out of himself. I conclude, it is because he "delighteth in mercy." His nature being love, it is *natural* for him to love his creatures, and especially those whom he has called to be his children. O! the goodness of God! The thought of it sometimes comes over me with very great power, and I am overwhelmed in admiration. Nothing so easily breaks up the fountain of tears within me. Those drops, if I may judge from my own experience, were intended as much to express gratitude, as grief. I think I shall be able without weariness, to spend eternity on the topic of divine love and goodness.

Reader, can you not adopt my language as your own? Has not God been the same to you?—And shall we not praise him? Shall our devotion consist in prayer? Shall we be always thinking of our wants, and never of his benefits—always dwelling on what remains to be done, and never thinking of what has already been done for us—always uttering desire, and never expressing gratitude—expending all our voice in supplication, and none of it in song? Is this the way to treat a benefactor? No, indeed.—It is not *just* so to treat him; neither is it *wise*. It is very bad policy to praise no more than christians in general do. They would have much more success in prayer, if one-half the time they now spend in it, were spent in praise. I do not mean that they pray too much, but that they praise too little. * * *

Christian reader, you complain perhaps that your prayer is not heard, suppose you try the efficacy of praise. Peradventure you will find that the way to obtain new favors is to praise the Lord for favors received. Perhaps if you consider his goodness, he will consider your wants.—It may be you are a parent, and one child is converted, but there is another concerning whom you say, "Oh that he might live before Thee!" Go now and bless the Lord for the conversion of the first, and it is very likely he will give thee occasion shortly to keep another day of thanksgiving for the salvation of the other. Some of us are sick. Perhaps it is because we did not praise the Lord for health. We forget that benefit. We do not forget our sickness. Oh no.—Nor is there any lack of desire in us to get well. We pray for recovery. And so we should, but it strikes me that we might get well sooner were we to dwell with less grief and despondency on our loss of health, and to contemplate with cheerful and grateful admiration what God has done for our souls—the great love wherewith He loved us, even when we were dead in sins, and how he spared not his own son that he might spare us, and give us now his spirit to be in us the earnest of heaven, our eternal home. If we were to think such thoughts to the forgetfulness of our bodily ailments, I judge it would be better for the whole man, body and soul both, than any other course we can pursue. If the affliction should still continue, we should count it *light*, aye, should rejoice in it, because it is His will, and because he says he means to make it work our good.

There is nothing glorifies God like praise.—"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me." Ps. 1, 23. Prayer expresses dependence and desire; but praise, admiration and gratitude. By it men testify and tell all abroad that God is good, and thus others are persuaded to "taste and see that the Lord is good." Praise is altogether the superior exercise of the two. Prayer may be purely selfish in its origin, but praise is ingenuous.—Praise is the employment of heaven. Angels praise. The spirits of the just made perfect praise. We shall not always pray, but we shall ever praise. Let us anticipate the employment of heaven. Let us exercise ourselves into praise. Let us learn the song now, "O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." But above all, "let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds." I charge thee, my soul, to praise him, and he will never let thee want matter for praise." While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God, while I have any breath.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

"Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thy own lips testify against thee." Job xv, 6.

Although existing opposition to Universalism apparently takes a wide range, the larger part of it is resolvable into a few common place, popular objections. And it is not a little singular, that each of those objections, when carefully sifted, stands in direct opposition to the doctrine of the objector, if, indeed, it does not call in question the purity

of his moral principles. Thus *his own mouth* condemns him; *his own lips* testify against him.

We frequently hear the objection urged, that, "if all mankind are to be saved with an everlasting salvation, there is no use in worshipping God." The poor, creed-trammelled objector fails to perceive, that in thus saying he condemns himself. For the objection implies, that he worships God through fear of endless wretchedness! It also implies, that Deity finds it necessary to threaten mankind with unutterable torment, in order to procure sincere worshippers! Were it not for the blinding power of prejudice, it would at once be acknowledged, that he who worships God sincerely, does so because God is lovely in his apprehension, and not because of either the hope of reward or the fear of punishment. So that I feel justified in saying to the objector, "Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee." Could'st thou but enter fully into the joy of our Lord, thou wouldst consider thyself richly rewarded in paying thy vows to the Most High.

Some persons are so short-sighted and foolish as to allege that "if they believed in Universalism, they would commit every species of iniquity." They do not perceive, that in urging this popular objection, they pointedly condemn themselves. The obvious implication is, that they are so much in love with sin—so corrupt at heart—so depraved in feeling—so devoid of moral principle—as to need the fear of endless damnation to keep them in check! Surely, surely they are not so vile, as to be prevented from sinning by no higher motive than the dread of vindictive vengeance.—Yet so long as they urge the objection in review, I feel impelled to say to them individually, "Thine own mouth condemneth thee, and not I; yea, thine own lips testify against thee."

Remarks of the same general character as the foregoing might be made in reference to other popular objections, and also in reference to many popular concessions. The matter is left with the reader, believing that he will be profited by attending thereto. A. C. T.

A number of the Boston Trumpet dated awhile back, has some very pertinent remarks on a union meeting of the Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Free-will Baptist churches in Springville, N. Y. We have had them marked for insertion 3 or 4 weeks, but they have been crowded by.

During the union meeting, these denominations passed resolutions expressive of their opinion that the signs of the times called for their united exertions "for the salvation of souls," and of their determination to "strive to become Temples of the Holy Ghost," "to rejoice in each others success in turning souls to God." After commenting at some length on their resolutions, and alluding to the quarrels and contentions which have invariably followed these "Union Meetings" in former days, when they come to count the "converts," Br. Whittemore proceeds:

"But they have now passed a resolution, that they will henceforth *'strive to rejoice in each other's success in turning souls to God.'*" They will *strive*, and may God grant that they shall succeed. But we have two more resolutions.

"*Resolved*, That we will strive to lay aside all party spirit and sectarian peculiarities, and come together for a general union meeting.

"*Resolved*, That in our estimation the spirit of proselyting is opposed to the spirit of the Lord, and has arrested the progress of many most pleasing revivals, and therefore we seriously deprecate this spirit, and solemnly promise to part with it FOREVER."

This is what we call thorough repentance on their part. O that it may be lasting—that there may be no falling back from the good ground here assumed. They will strive to lay aside all party spirit, and sectarian peculiarities. God help them so to do; and then they will be willing to take a brother Universalist by the hand, and say, "Br. we greet you, we love you. Our views differ somewhat, but we will be one in feeling, in charity. We will speak evil of you no more—we will persecute you no more."—These are the fruits of charity; and if the Presbyterians, Methodists, and Baptists will lay aside all party spirit and sectarian peculiarities, we shall begin to reap those fruits.

Again they tell us (what we have told them a

thousand times) that the spirit of proselyting is opposed to the spirit of the Lord. The Pharisees of old compassed sea and land to make one proselyte; but he became more the child of hell for it. We are glad, therefore, to have these sects come out boldly and say, that the spirit of proselytism is opposed to the spirit of God,—that it has arrested the progress of religion,—that they seriously deprecate it, and solemnly promise to part with it FOREVER. Amen. Let all the people say, Amen."

Br. John Moore, of Danvers, Mass. in a congratulatory letter to Br. Williamson of the "Inquirer and Anchor," has the following paragraph, in which he has ingeniously availed himself of the titles of most of our periodicals, in presenting a very appropriate suggestion to the editorial fraternity:

"The spirit of forbearance and generosity, of truth and sincerity, are the all-powerful weapons which will enable us to overcome and destroy the opposition with which we contend.—Let this be done in a bold and independent, yet friendly manner; making no compromise with error however popular it may be by reason of its antiquity—neither seeking for that applause which might be gained by the use of *ambiguous* words and sentences; but '*speaking out*' in a plain unequivocal manner, always letting the inquiry be '*what is truth?*' with a steadfast determination to abide by its sacred principles—to propagate its holy and immortal hopes, and to exhibit its purifying spirit. Such is the course I should like to see pursued by all our brethren who send out weekly the joyful sound of the *Trumpet*; who stand as a faithful *Watchman* on the walls of our Zion, to open the *Magazine*, and *Advocate* the principles of the gospel of the grace of God—or as a correct *Intelligencer* to any one who may be an *Inquirer* for that blessed truth the belief of which will fill them with an hope which is as an *Anchor* to the soul; or who come to the people as a faithful *Christian Messenger* sent by the great head of the church in the spirit of a *Universalist*, and the boldness and energy of a *Pioneer* to declare in the spirit of an *Impartialist*, that the doctrine and precepts taught and exemplified by him to whom ancient wise men were guided by a *Star* in the *East*, will *Pilot* all mankind to the haven of immortality and endless happiness. Why, my dear Sir, if those who wield the pen or preach the word, would all move in concert in this all-important and glorious work of *moral improvement*, constantly maintaining the character of good soldiers of the cross—being clad with the 'whole armor of God,' what might not be effected under the blessing of Him who is God over all blessed forever?"

ZEAL.

The apostle says, "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Some people are afraid to be zealous, lest they shall have a zeal "not according to knowledge;" and hence they are moderate in every thing, and far too moderate in any good thing they undertake.—It is surely very proper to be certain that our zeal is *according to knowledge*; but how shall we ascertain? how shall we determine when we shall be zealous, and when we shall restrain our zeal? Here is the rule—"it is good to be zealously affected *always* in a good thing." Be sure that the *object* is a good one, and then you never need to fear that your zeal is misplaced—be then "zealously affected always."

What more noble object is there to which human zeal may be directed, than the inculcation of just views of God, and of the blissful immortality of all mankind? This sentiment wipes the tear of sorrow away, and removes the causes of anxiety, despair, insanity and suicide, which have so sorely afflicted the community. What more noble object is there to which human zeal may be directed? The preachers of the doctrine of Universal mercy may well be

that that deceiver said, while he was yet alive. After three days I will arise again; command therefore that the sepulchre be made sure until the third day, lest his disciples come by night and steal him away, and say unto the people, He is risen from the dead: so the last error shall be worse than the first. Pilate said unto them, ye have a watch: go your way; make it as sure as you can. So they went and made the sepulchre sure, sealing the stone and setting a watch. Accordingly, a Roman guard of sixty soldiers was placed to guard the lifeless remains of one individual! How contemptible does man appear when he attempts to frustrate and render void the truth of divine prophecy. Now death has gained a mighty victory. He has slain him who came to "bring life and immortality to light." Twice the sun goes down on the earth; and all is quiet at the sepulchre. Death holds his sceptre over the Son of God. Still and silent the hours pass on. The guards stand by their posts; the rays of the midnight moon gleam on their helmets, and on their spears. The enemies of Christ exult in their success: the hearts of his friends are sunk in despondency and sorrow: the spirits of glory wait with anxious suspense to behold the event, and wonder at the depth and the ways of God.—*Trumpet and Magazine*.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

On a subject of such importance as the question, whether all mankind, or only a part, are to inherit everlasting life and happiness, too much caution cannot be employed; nor can the question be investigated with more labor, patience, and perseverance than it deserves. If, as many religiously believe, the doctrine of universal salvation be not true, but an error of dangerous tendency, and one which exposes its votary to everlasting misery, in the world to come, it certainly becomes all, who are capable of refuting it, to step forth with the best and clearest light within their power, and show to the people, who are deluded by this doctrine, that it is false, that thereby they may be the happy instruments in the hands of a merciful God, of preventing the endless wretchedness of multitudes of their fellow-creatures. If the Rev. Clergy were all certified that one solitary stranger was exposed to lose his life in his night wanderings for want of a lamp, such is the native benevolence of their hearts, that they would quit their beds of repose in the silence of the night, furnish themselves with the necessary means of saving the stranger's life with all possible despatch, and hasten, without delay to his relief. Why then do they not exert themselves to save the thousands of their fellow-citizens who are believers in this doctrine, which they contend is so dangerous? There seems to be something mysterious, and even unaccountable in this circumstance.—What is the consideration of saving a man's life, when compared with saving a soul from endless woe? Yet they would do all in their power to save a man's life, but what do they do to save Universalists from endless ruin? It is true, that they say, both in public and private, that the doctrine of Universal salvation is false, that it is a dangerous doctrine, that it is leading people down to everlasting ruin, that it tends to licentiousness, and to corrupt the morals of society; but all this convinces nobody. There is no argument in all they say. If the Universalists call on the Partialists to answer their questions behold they are silent! If they call on them to reconcile the divine promises of universal grace, with their views of an unmerciful, eternal punishment, they are silent. If they request them to point out their errors, and to disprove them by authority of scripture and reason, they are silent. And yet they say that the Universalists are all going to destruction! If our clergy should know that a man, who is unacquainted with busi-

ness was about closing a bargain which would ruin his fortune and reduce his family to poverty, would they be contented to say no more to him, than barely tell him that his bargain would prove his ruin? And when he should ask them to be so good as to point out his mistake, would they be silent? When he should say to them Rev. Sirs, I would by no means be deceived; I really think the bargain which I am contracting, will be really to my interest, but if you see to the contrary, do be so good as to convince me; would they make no other reply, only say, your bargain will prove your ruin? No, they would descend to particulars; they would not fail to show the man his mistake, and thereby deliver him from danger. Why then do they not answer us, when we beseech them to show us our errors? why are they silent?

We must conclude that our opposers do not feel altogether certain that what they say about the danger of Universalism is all true. We are compelled by charity, to thus judge, for we cannot believe that they care so little for us, that they had rather we should be for ever miserable, than to be at the pains of convincing us, if they understood our errors. They must be worse men than we believe them to be, if they would not exert all their powers to save us from endless misery. However, whether, they will answer us or not, we shall, from time to time, continue our requests and our queries. We will now ask them such questions as the following; if it should please our heavenly Father, finally, to have mercy on all men, to wash all from their sins, reconcile all to himself, cause every heart to love him supremely, and obey his commandments with all readiness of mind, can it be shown that thereby God would be dishonored? Can it be shown that thereby Jesus, the mediator between God and man would be dishonored as to his mission? Can it be shown that thereby the ministry of reconciliation would fail of its ultimate purposes? Could it be shown that the saints in light would have just occasion of complaint on that account? Now, whether these questions be answered or not, we intend to ask more; and we mean never to desist from these labors while necessity calls and ability remains.—*Universalist Magazine*.

A PARABLE.

Once on a time there lived in a delightful spot of earth, a family of ten brethren. The father was one of the best of men, and the kindest of parents. His ear was ever open to the wants of his children, and his age watched over them with a solicitude for their welfare, known only to the warm heart of a father. He provided liberally for all the wants of his family, and there was no source of enjoyment within the reach of his power which he did not place in the hands of his children. It was a happy family, and no root of bitterness or worm of discord was among them to disturb their peace. It came to pass that the father found it necessary to depart for a season and leave the children alone. He was careful to lay up in store, an abundant supply for all their wants during his absence, and to promise them richer supplies when he should return. He took an affectionate leave of his family and departed.

He had not been long absent, when the elder brother began to suspect his father's kindness, and these suspicions soon settled into a confirmed faith. He said that his father was a very austere man, and instead of returning to bless his children, he would come back in a rage, and burn one half his family alive in a fiery furnace which he had long ago prepared for that purpose. It was in vain that the other children attempted to reply. We know our father better. He has always been kind to us. He blessed us in infancy and has watched over us all our life long. They were assured by their doubting brother,

that all this show of kindness was only made to fatten them like beasts for the slaughter. He had charged them with all they had enjoyed, and had thus swelled the account beyond their ability to pay. But he would call on them as soon as he returned, for a reckoning, and if they did not pay every fraction he would cast them into the furnace. His ingenuity and sophistry were finally successful, and he convinced the brethren that their father was as bad as he had represented him to be. Then did joy and gladness flee from that once happy family. Cries, and groans, and tears might have been heard and seen, from morn to even, and from the evening to the morning. The doubting child had laid waste that paradise of joy. He had robbed his father of the affections of his children, and he had taken from the children the most precious jewel that glittered in the crown of their rejoicing—confidence in a faithful father's kindness. He was an ungrateful boy, and manifested a dark and wicked spirit that is equalled only by the ingratitude of Absalom who stole the hearts of the people by his fair speeches.

The parable is ended, and the interpretation thereof, readeth on this wise. The family is the human race. The father is that God whose tender mercies are over all his works, and who has given abundant proof of his goodness and promises of eternal faithfulness in providence, and in scripture. The elder brother, is that man, who while surrounded with the mercies of the Lord, raises his eye to heaven and distrusts his father's goodness, and endeavors, wickedly endeavours, to shake the confidence of his fellows in God, by convincing them that he intends to roast his children eternally in Hell. 'He that hath an ear to hear let him hear, what the spirit saith to the churches.'—*Inquirer and Anchor*.

NEW SOCIETY.

A second Universalist Society was formed in this county (near the residence of Dr. Mitchell, Mt. Olympus,) on Sunday the 6th inst. to be called the "Universalist Society of Mt. Olympus." Messrs. Dr. Thomas Mitchell, L. F. Taylor, and William Townsend were appointed *Trustees*, and Greenwell Taylor, *Clerk*. It is expected that Br. Atkins will minister stately to this Society and that he will be installed as Pastor thereof, and be ordained to the work of an *Evangelist* sometime the ensuing fall.—*Southern Evangelist*.

Br. Kneeland Townsend, will very shortly remove from Gaines, Orleans, Co. to Victor, Ontario, Co. He wishes all letters, &c. intended for him, to be hereafter directed to Victor.

Religious Notices.

Ev. S. J. Hillier will preach in Longridge Sunday August 17th; and at half past 5 o'clock of the same day at Poundridge.

Br. Samuel Ashton will preach at Harford, Pa. on the 3d Sunday in August.

Br. F. Hitchcock will preach in New London, Conn. the 3d and 4th Sundays in August; in Grotton, Tuesday evening the 19th; and in Norwich Wednesday evening the 20th.

Br. Bullard will preach in Meredith, Delaware county, on Tuesday, August 19th, 5 o'clock, P. M.; at Harpersfield on Wednesday 20th, 5 P. M.; at Hobart, on Thursday 21st in the evening; at Walton, on Sunday 24th, forenoon and afternoon; and at Hamden, 5 P. M. same day. Societies will be formed in all of the four last mentioned places, agreeably to previous legal notice.

Br. James McLaurin will preach in Middleville, N. J. Sunday Aug. 17th, (to morrow;) in Stanhope, Aug. 24th; in Branchville, Aug. 31st; in Centerville, Or. co. N. Y. Sept. 7th; and in Chester, Sept. 14th.

Br. S. C. Bulky will preach at Collaburgh the 3d Sunday in August, and at Sing Sing in the evening; at Milton, the 4th Sunday in August; at Beckman, the 5th Sunday in August; at Annsville, 1st Sunday in Sept. and at Hillsdale, Col. county, the 2d Sunday in Sept.

FEMALE PIETY.—A Sketch.

"I saw a form of Excellence, a form
Of beauty without spot, that nought could see
And not admire—admire and not adore.
And from its own essential beams it gave
Light to itself —

The form thou sawest was virtue."

POLLOK.

I saw her first in the sunny hour of youthful gaiety and bliss. She was walking amid a garden of flowers whither I had wandered to enjoy the genial influence of the morning breeze, redolent with the sweets of Nature. Health bloomed, like the rose, upon her cheek, and joy beamed from her sparkling eye, as she contemplated the beauties of the scene around her—the smile of contentment seemed to play gracefully around her lips, and her rich flowing tresses hung like the clustering vine down her snowy neck—her voice responded to the music of the birds who were raising their morning songs in grateful orisons to heaven. Modesty gave the impulse to her words, and innocence and sprightliness, with a

"Sweet, retiring, modest mein,"

marked her every action. I stood gazing upon her, my heart glowing with admiration for a being of so much loveliness.

I saw her again. It was in the house of God—in the temple where the thronged assembly congregated to worship, with united heart and voice, the Ruler of the universe. She bowed in humble reverence and adoration to the God of all grace—she listened with heartfelt rapture to the affecting descriptions of Divine love—the pathetic illustrations given of the exhaustless benevolence of the Deity, in forming the great and glorious plan for the redemption of a world of sinners, as they rolled in peals of heavenly eloquence from the pulpit. Tears of joy started in her eyes, and a smile of holy benignity seemed to light up her countenance, when she heard the divine attributes of the Savior's character so happily illustrated, and his precepts enforced with so much enthusiasm; it was a balm that fell upon her soul, like oil upon the troubled billows; she raised her eyes to heaven, and seemed to whisper the silent prayer—"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Years had rolled away. I saw her again.—The blossoms of spring were ripening to maturity under the perennial rays of a summer's sun. She was bending over the couch of sickness—endeavouring to assuage the pains, and administer to the wants of her last surviving parent then on his death-bed. She had but recently followed to the grave her beloved mother, and that afflicting bereavement was yet fresh in her mind. Every attention which the tenderest assiduity and the most devoted filial affection could suggest, was bestowed to alleviate the distresses of her yet remaining parent—her hand was never weary in presenting the cordial to his parched lips, and employing every means in her power to restore him once more to health and activity. But her efforts were all unavailing; the hand of death was upon him—he had but time to give her his last benediction, and recommend her to the protection of Heaven—to embrace her, his only child, for the last time, and then closed his eyes forever. Silence seemed to reign. She was alone; yet she bowed to the will of God, like the weeping willow, with a virtuous resignation. She wept; but her tears were not the tears of despair; but like those shed by Jesus at the grave of Lazarus—the tribute of virtuous affection. She stood in the solitude of her own grief, a lone orphan, left to the charity of a cold and unfeeling world. Yet her heart was raised to Heaven, and she submitted with a holy and calm reconciliation to its all-wise decrees. And while she exclaimed, "Thy will,

O God, be done," she felt the happy assurance, in her heart, that although she would no more behold her beloved parents in this world, yet, ere long, she should join them in that where sorrow and parting would be no more—where the morning of an immortal day would dawn upon them, and they would sit down together in the abodes of the blessed:

"We shall meet on that shore where no flowers shall fade—
Where sorrow and death shall no longer invade:—
Where the songs of the blessed shall be our employ,
And mourning give place to the fulness of joy."

'Twas then that I thought her the most lovely being I had ever beheld; far, very far, surpassing all I had conceived of her in the bright days of her prosperity—either when culling the sweet products of Flora, or in the temple of God, kneeling in humble adoration with its assembled worshippers. For how many there are, who, in the days of their prosperity, when trouble and misfortune do not assail them—when all is sunshine above, and flowers beneath, are lovely, and attract the admiring gaze of those who behold them; when all within their hearts is but an aching void—how many heartless worshippers may congregate in the temple sacred to devotion, and from the mere power of sympathy be led to participate in the exercises of the day, and for the time being seem to share in all the extacies of devotion; yet the feelings and principles of true religion may have no abiding place in their hearts—their religion has never been tried by the ordeal that would test its genuineness—they do not have a realizing sense of the little influence true religion has in facilitating their course through life. Hence, they too frequently deceive not only themselves, but others. But when the dark clouds of adversity have gathered over their heads, its terrific thunders roar, and its vivid lightnings flash, and they have drained the cup of sorrow to the very dregs—when the relentless hand of death has broken the dearest ties that bind the soul to earth—the guide of youth and the support of helplessness—if, then, in such an hour, female piety not only survives, but triumphs; if its subject, like Noah's ark, rises above the flood; or like his dove, "gathers the green olive from the very reck of nature;" if she can submit with un murmuring patience to the task which may devolve on her by the dispensations of Providence—if, after all her trials, she can kiss the rod which her heavenly Father has employed to afflict her with—if she then anchors her hope in heaven, and leans on the staff of Divine promise for support, surely that female is the perfection of woman's loveliness.—The chamber of sickness and death have disclosed a loveliness in her that are beyond all price. Though pale and emaciated with watching and care, yet she watches over and administers to the wants of the sick and dying like a ministering angel; she resembles the pure spirits who are the "swift-winged messengers of mercy" from the Eternal to the suffering sons of mortality. Religion in all its native majesty and mildness, has filled her heart with its benign influence; her eye, the lovely index of her soul, smiles with heavenly benignity through every tear that moistens it. And when she shall be called to bid adieu to this world and its fleeting pleasures, how cheerfully can she resign her spirit to the God who gave it. The sun of her day will set like

—"the morning star which goes
Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of Heaven."

Independent Messenger.

Religion does not destroy, but improves good manners, and teaches us to honor all men. Decent civility is a great ornament to piety.

Original.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

And whither shall we pass the day,
Come dearest, tell me where;
Shall we in search of wild-flowers stray,
To bind thy glossy hair?
Then let us to the meadow hie,
And gather violets blue;
The color of thy modest eye
Best suits its golden hue.

Or shall we to the forest speed
Its dark recess explore;
In every ancient oak we'll read
From Time's instructive lore—
And here in all its freedom bound
Unharm'd, the timid deer,
Yet ever to the lightest sound
It turns a listening ear?

Or let us turn to yonder glade,
And watch the sunny ray,
As in the purling brook it fades
Where gentle zephyrs stray:
We'll listen to the merry play
Of music in the air,
And birds shall sing their roundelay
To greet thy smiles my fair!

Well, let us then to the water's side,
My boat but waits for thee;
As o'er the gentle stream we glide
Still Nature's works we see;—
We view it in the skirted shore
That winds along the deep,
The lofty pine trees bending o'er
On her mirror'd surface sleep.

We see it in the snow white foam
That plays on ocean's breast,
Then turning to a limpid home
Sinks in its own bright rest.
In the pebbled depths of her sunlit caves
In the spray that laves the shore,
Impress'd upon the bounding waves,
Heard in the tempest's roar.

'Tis written in the soften'd light
Of the clear blue arch above;
A golden page—trac'd in letters bright,
By a mighty hand of love.
Great Source of all things—Fount of light,
The works of earth, air, sea—
All things that meet our ravish'd sight
Were formed alone by Thee!

Thou art the source, to Thee belong
The incense of a grateful heart;
What nature yields in ceaseless song
And even ocean bears a part.
Then come, and join in praise with me
God's works shall be our tone;
The open air our fane shall be,
The vaulted heavens its dome.

Mandarin, (E. Florida,) July 8.

S. A. D.

A SKETCH.

His morning sun rose fair—no wandering cloud floated across its bright and pearly surface—no gathering storm lowered over its even pathway in its onward progress to meridian glory.—He grew up to manhood. The damask tinge of health was on his cheek—the fire of youthful passion sparkled in his eye, yet tempered with the placid expression of cheerfulness and contentment. He revelled in the clear and calm sunshine of friendship—smiling plenty crowned his frugal board—the blooming partner of his bosom joyfully welcomed him to his homely cot—the angel of peace with outspread wings, hovered over his domestic altar—his sleep—that of the laboring man was sweet, for he sunk to rest in the possession of conscious innocence.

But the destroyer came—he offered the tempting chalice to his lips, and bade him taste its sweets. The workshop was neglected for the haunts of vice and the scenes of midnight revelry and debauch: the homely cot once the abode of happiness, seldom greeted his presence but to witness acts of brutal violence—the blossoms of Intemperance flourished thick upon his visage—the languid blood-shot eye marked its fearful progress, and the haggard look, and hollow cough bespoke the swift decay of nature. Poverty and wretchedness became the inmates of his dwelling, and sorrow and suffering the portion of his family. He fills a drunkard's grave.

zealous---zealous always, for it is good to be zealously affected in a good thing. Members of Universalist Societies may be zealous. Their object is a good one. It is the overthrow of the kingdom of darkness---it is the cause of philanthropy, and the highest welfare of mankind. It is the cause of civil and religious liberty. Their design is to make men truly happy by exposing and bringing into discredit those errors which are the fruitful sources of their greatest sorrows. This cause does not require of men that they should make themselves monks, or ascetics, or self torturers; but it does require a strong, steady and unflinching zeal; and a truly reasonable man, who is not buried in the world while he lives in it, but who gives himself time to reflect upon his relations and his duties, will find himself moved by such a zeal. And here is one word which we wish to drop for the benefit of our societies in general: if you wish to convert others to the truth, and bring them to be coworkers with you in the great and good cause which you have espoused, you must be zealous yourselves. You never can make others zealous unless you are so. How reasonable is this! No man can impart a feeling to others that he does not possess in himself. You may as well endeavour to warm another with an application of ice, as to make him feel zealous in a cause in which you show no interest yourselves. If you will consider how much zeal will do in a bad cause, you will have a tolerable idea of what it will do in a good cause.--How much have the Catholic zealots in Europe been able to do for the Roman Church, by nothing but their zeal. Every reflecting man knows, that men are brought sometimes to respect and venerate even the most absurd notions, and practices, merely by the zeal of those who undertake to establish them. If a man appears to be sincere and earnest, and fully engrossed in any scheme (it does not matter so much what it is) others will respect it, and will think there is surely something of reality in it; but they will never think so, if he shows that he does not think so himself. Now apply this principle to a good cause, which will do so much even for a bad one, and it becomes much more efficient. The members of almost every society which does not flourish, must take the blame to themselves, for they might flourish, if they would be steadily engaged. They may overcome any obstacles, and accomplish any purposes, and win over others to their own views, feelings and pursuits, by showing that they respect their own cause, that they believe there is something of reality---something worthy of the attention of men---in it; and depend upon it brethren (an angel from heaven could not tell you a clearer truth) **YOU CANNOT DO IT WITHOUT.---Trumpet.**

FOURTH VOLUME.

New-York Christian Messenger and Philadelphia Universalist.

The third volume of our paper being now so far advanced, (10 Nos. more closes it,) we have thought it advisable to say a word or two to our patrons in relation to the succeeding, or fourth volume. We do this for the double purpose of making known our intentions to continue the paper, and to enable those feeling an interest in sustaining a Periodical of this kind in the important location which this occupies, to make a general effort in its behalf.

In the prosecution of our labors on the 4th volume, no material change will take place in our course, from that which has characterized the preceding ones, other than to avail ourselves of every improvement which may be suggested, in the spirit and manner of treating the great subject to which the paper is devoted, and which may be within our power. It has been the constant aim of its conductors, and will continue to be, to give it that character and standing, which shall entitle it to respect from its opposers, (whether it receives it or not,) and which shall secure to it the most perfect confidence of its friends---to make it, in short, what it professes to be, a Universalist paper, in truth and verity. From the

highly flattering testimonies presented us in a steady increase of its subscription, in private communications, and by our brethren who are engaged in the same glorious cause of mental emancipation, we feel justified in believing that the exertions bestowed on it, in the past, have not been fruitless.

Although, as before stated, the steady increase of our subscription list, from the commencement of the paper, has afforded solid grounds of encouragement in every stage of it, showing that perseverance must finally render it completely successful; still we are constrained to call on our friends for a continued, and if consistent, increased effort in extending its circulation. They will understand the necessity of this, when we assure them, that we have now applied ourselves, unceasingly, to its business for near three years, and cannot be said to have derived any thing from it, as yet, towards a livelihood. It is true, that had we in hand, what is now outstanding, we should have realized a trifle; but as yet there have been no available pecuniary benefits. This, to the casual observer, will no doubt appear very discouraging---it has so to ourselves, in some of the previous stages of the paper.

We have had many and altogether unforeseen difficulties to encounter, in establishing it---difficulties that would have effectually prevented the undertaking, had they have been apparent at the commencement. But we have seen them gradually removed, until it is with much gratitude that we are enabled to say to patrons that they are mostly overcome. We have seen confidence in its character and punctuality gradually extend---its list regularly (although slow) increase under every obstacle to its advance, till it has arrived at a stage in which one united effort of its friends will in all probability place it in a situation to yield us a comfortable subsistence.

We have made this explicit statement because it has seemed due to the many individuals, both here and in various other sections, who have taken such an abiding interest in the welfare of the paper, and because the question is frequently asked "Will it be continued?" It will also serve as a reason to our patrons generally, why we ask their exertions once again in our behalf. If we can trust at all, therefore, to the profession of interest in it---if it has been serviceable in the least to our cause here, or elsewhere, shall we not be justified in asking this favor at the hands of its friends? We doubt it not. Let then every subscriber, who feels at all interested, remember it substantially in this matter. They have now two months or so before them, and surely they can make some interest for it in that time. We desire returns as early as convenient; before the close of the present volume, if possible.

We would say one word on the subject of punctuality in subscriptions. We commenced the undertaking here with a small capital. We cannot have a large amount standing out without very great inconvenience to us in a pecuniary point of view. And as subscribers expect punctuality in us, we must look for the same from them. The amounts to them are small. In the aggregate, to us, they are great. As the paper has become established, and will be continued, no reasonable excuse can exist for not complying with the terms. We confidently trust, therefore, that for our individual convenience, as well as for the general good of the cause, this particular will be attended to.

The paper will be published in the same form, on the same terms, and under the same editorial arrangement, as heretofore. Letters to be addressed, (post paid,) "P. Price, No. 2 Chatham-Square, New-York."

ANOTHER PREACHER AND SOCIETY.

A letter from Samuel Harris, dated Hartford, Washington Co. N. Y. July 29th, 1834, and addressed to the editors of the "Inquirer and Anchor," announces the formation of a Society in that town, comprising between 40 and 50 of the most respectable citizens. The letter proceeds to say:--- "We have had the labors of Br. Alvin Gates, one half of the time since last February, whose talents are more than ordinary, and whose moral character is unexceptionable.--- He is one of three gospel ministers, who have formerly belonged to the Baptist Church in this place; and all received the ordinance of Baptism by the hand of one man, Elder Amasa Brown. The first was our aged Father Hosea Ballou; the second was David Cooper, and the last, though not least, the above named Mr. Gates."

DEDICATION.

The new Universalist Church in Albany is to be dedicated to the service of Almighty God, on Thursday, 21st inst.

DEATH OF REV. E. MITCHELL.

By the following note from Br. S. C. Bulkely, the reader will receive the painful intelligence of the very sudden death of that venerable Father in the Ministry of Reconciliation, EDWARD MITCHELL, of this city. His remains were brought to the city on Saturday last, and his funeral attended on Sunday afternoon, from his late residence, 13 Amos-st. by a large concourse of people.

For thirty years, or more, Mr. M. has breasted the tide of popular prejudice here, (most of the time entirely alone,) proclaiming the love of God to an erring world, and the final ingathering of all men to holiness and happiness, in Christ their head. He was a zealous and animated preacher, and few, whether friends or opposers, could hear him with indifference.

Our denomination owe him much for his long, arduous, and talented labors in the cause, (about eleven years without any pecuniary compensation whatever.) But those labors are now ended, and he has gone, we confidently believe, to enjoy that crown of life and immortality laid up for him in that Divine Master in whom he so especially confided.

We are unable to give particulars of his history, or family, but shall be happy to insert any that may be furnished by those acquainted with them. The letter of Br. Bulkely, to which allusion was made, follows: P.

Br PRICE---Mine is the melancholy duty to announce to you that Rev. Edward Mitchell, of your city, the friend and companion of John Murray, is no more! He breathed his last to-day about 5 o'clock, P. M. He arrived here last Wednesday, and put up at the place where I board (Mr. H. Hunt's,) and intended to tarry during the warm season. His family were with him. I conversed with him in the forenoon, and for some time after dinner he appeared unusually cheerful. He retired to his room about 4 o'clock, to rest himself, and in a short time came out into the sitting-room, and placed himself in a chair, and without speaking, fell immediately into a fit, in which he expired in about 15 or 20 minutes. He departed, as it is said he desired to do, suddenly, and without uttering a word or a groan. Peace be to his ashes, and heaven his eternal home. S. C. BULKELY.

North Salem, Aug. 8, 1834.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

The last No. of this popular journal is accompanied by a splendid engraving, presenting the likenesses of the seven Presidents of the United States, (Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, J. Q. Adams, and Jackson,) all handsomely grouped in a plate of the size of a page of the Mirror. The expense of this plate was estimated to exceed One Thousand Dollars. By a reference to a previous notice of its appearance, we find that Subscribers can obtain them at 50 cts per copy, for framing, and non-subscribers at \$1. We presume many will be preserved in this way. We think it would have been an improvement had the name been attached underneath each view, in light shade. This could have been done without disfiguring the Plate, and would have been convenient to many who may not be familiar with the portraits of the worthies, it is designed to commemorate.

ANOTHER DISCUSSION.

A debate was held in Litchfield, Herk. Co. N. Y. on the 18th ult. between Rev. Mr. Way, (Methodist,) and Rev. L. C. Brown, (Universalist.) It is said to have been conducted, and concluded in a very amicable spirit. Br. Brown rather humorously addresses Br. Grosh, of the Magazine and Advocate, (who was present,) as follows:--- "As you were present at our controversy, and know all about it, please say to the public what you think proper. As Br. Way and I are of consequence enough to call together 10 or 1500 people, we shall doubtless expect to have some notice taken of us in the journals!" He concludes by observing that although they may have to "yield the palm of greatness" to some other controversies, yet he challenges "any of them to come together and have so pleasant a contest" as they have had. Such discussions will do good. P.

Died,

In New-York on the 8th inst. Benjamin D. infant son of Benjamin D. Brush.

[FOR THE MESSENGER AND UNIVERSALIST.]

Messrs. EDITORS—The following, are from the pen of the same Young Lady whose lines you inserted in No. 40 of the Messenger. These, however, have never been published. I have copied them from an Album of a mutual friend. If you think them worthy of a place in your paper you are at liberty to insert them. H. H. H.

TO MARY ANN.

When distance or death, hath severed us far,
From those who have loved us, in life's sunny prime;
The simplest of tokens—whatever they are,
Bind a spell on remembrance—unbroken by time.

Be it ribbon or ringlet, a gem, or a chain,
'Twill call back the past, with a magical art;
And sweep all the chords of affection again,
With a talisman touch, that thrills to the heart.

They flash back the sunlight of youth's rosy days,
And once more all its bright hopes—a moment beguile,
They pencil the form that we loved for our gaze,
And banish a thought of time's changes awhile.

So the characters traced by the hand that we've prest,
Will cause lips that are cold to seem eloquent then,
The face almost forgotten, in smiles will be drest,—
The light footsteps we knew will be echoed again.

Greenvale, (Hartford) May 14th, 1834. M. A. D.

LAFAYETTE—The Oak of the Village.

A correspondent of the London Spectator thus beautifully and feelingly announces the death of Lafayette.

Have you ever witnessed the destruction, the downfall, the death of the 'oak of the village! Generations passed away, but the oak was in its place. The village had a new church, new officers, new governors, new proprietors, new mansions, new owners, new institutions, and even new customs and habits; but the oak was ever in its place. In the centre of the village green it spread its luxuriant and refreshing branches; while the young carolled and the gay danced beneath its loved shade. "The oak" was the scene of many a festive hour, many a joyous jubilee, many a happy anniversary! Other oaks had been planted, and had been cut down; other trees had luxuriated and smiled on the villager. There was but one oak to the village—others were oaks, and others were trees, but this was *the oak*! If a cricket-bat had to be played, it was under the oak; if a wrestling match had to be fought, it was under the oak; if two lovers gave a rendezvous, it was at the oak; if the officers of the parish wished to address the inhabitants, they met under the oak. When the church was pulled down, and divine worship was chanted in the open air, the oak at once sheltered the assembly from the rays of the sun, and from the showers of heaven.

The candidates for senatorial honors spoke to the electors of the spot, and the neighborhood, under the oak. The little children were left to play under the oak; and their mothers or their sisters confided them with a degree of confidence to his protection—for he was as the father of the village, and the household god of the villagers. In summer time the master of the charity school conducted his little flock on a Saturday to the shade of the oak; and before they separated till the Monday, from their books and studies, they sung the evening hymn beneath his branches. In troublesome and warlike times, when invasion was spoken of, and foreign foes were feared, the "loyal volunteers" used to exercise and drill under "the oak." And when even winter was most drear and the storm most pitiless, still the oak raised his venerable head; and the thought that spring would return, and the tree and the green be once more gay and enlivening, softened the severity of the hour, and mitigated even the roughness of the blast.

The oak was a constant benefactor and a never failing friend. Other friends might be faithless—other trees might perish or die—other shades might be destroyed by the interested or the powerful; but "the oak" belonged to the village—and the hearts of all the village for all times belonged to him. But even the oak was

mortal—even the oak was destined to perish; and in the midst of a horrible tempest, which desolated this once happy and once prosperous, but now sad and desponding village, the lightning of the skies descended upon the oak—took from it its branches—struck it even to its roots, and the oak fell and was no more! So there was no more singing and no more dancing—no more carolling and no more meeting; and the green became deserted; and a simple monument marked the place where the venerable friend of the village had once stood; and it became deserted, lonely and sad. And the first days of grief were as the days of weeping of an orphan who mourneth over the tomb of her mother, and as the grief of a widow who is suddenly bereft of her husband, and as the tears of a mother who weepeth over the loss of her only, her virtuous, her beloved son. And no eye was dry, and no cheek was rosy or healthy for all felt the loss of the oak to be the greatest of all losses; and the village was in mourning. And to the credit of that village be it said, the mourning was a long mourning, and the tears were oft-shed tears, and the grief was not of short duration; and "the oak" is engraved on the hearts, and hangs up in the form of pictures and of paintings, in the cottage of every villager; and pieces of branches, and of the trunk, and of the root, are handed down as precious relics from father to son, and from generation to generation; for it is still "*the oak*."

And what that oak once was to the village, Lafayette hath been to the people; and not merely to the people of France, but of the whole world.

ANTICIPATION.

This cold world of ours, amidst its multiplicity of ills, and while it seems to delight alone in throwing over man the hoar frosts of a soul chilling destiny, is not without its redeeming intervals of happiness. There is an Oasis in the drear wilderness of sorrows—a ray of heavenly sunshine, that gleams occasionally through the wo-beclouded darkness of human wanderings. Have we parted from those we love—love dearer—oh! dearer than life itself; and has the separation insulated us, cut us off from every earthly felicity, and left us sad and alone, in the midst of cheerful faces? has it made us aliens and strangers amid the crowd that surrounds us, with no other hope upon its good feeling, than the stranger's claim to a stranger's kindness? There are still bright spots in the sombre shadowings of the scene, for the insulated heart has found in every acquaintance a friend, and in every bosom the evidence of kind feeling! but above all, there is, in the gloomiest hour of its loneliness, a mellow tint in the rainbow of hope, which naught but despair itself can obscure. It is the hope of meeting again the object of all that the heart prizes in its affections, and all it dwells upon in the musings of its anticipations! Anticipation! Thou art the sweetener of this bitter life. 'Tis thou that removest gloom from the gloomy heart and chasest away the sorrows that intrude themselves upon the sorrowful. 'Tis thou that takest

'The sting from adieu;

that learnest us to forget the burning bitterness of the last 'farewell and God bless you,' in the accompanying redemption of the valedictory—"we shall meet ere long."

'Tis thou that learn'st the heart its flight
From present ills to hoped delight.

There is not in human sensibility so bright a ministration of happiness as this. To be assured, amid the stormy vicissitudes of life, that there is one who communes with your sorrows and weeps over them, though distant; and who will shortly hover over you with the consolations which affection can alone impart, is an emotion that no one can appreciate but he who has felt it.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

Happy is he who knows a mother's love.

What is so pure? The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover pleasure. Even religion, while she waters her faith with tears, looks forward to the blessed fruits of her labors and her love. But maternal affection springs from the breast, uninvoked by the wand of hope, unadulterated by the touch of interest. Its objects are the weak and woful: It haunts the cradle of infantile pain, or hovers near the couch of the faint and forsaken. Its sweetest smiles break through the clouds of misfortune, and its gentlest tones rise amid the sighs of suffering and sorrow. It is a limpid and lovely flow of feeling which gushes from the fountain head of purity; and courses the heart, through selfish designs and sordid passions, immingling and unsullied.

What is so firm? Time and misfortune, penury and persecution, hatred and infamy, may roll their dark waves successively over it—and still it smiles unchanged; or the more potent allurements of fortune, opulence and pride, power and splendor, may woo her—and yet she is unmoved! A mother "loves and loves forever!"

What is so faithful? From infancy to age; "through good report and through evil report," the dews of maternal affection are shed upon the soul. When heart-stricken and abandoned; when branded by shame and followed by scorn, her arms are still open—her breast is still kind. Through every trial that love will follow—cheer us in misfortune, support us in disease, smooth the pillow of pain and moisten the bed of death!

Happy is he who knows a mother's love!

Christian Visitant.

Br. A. B. Grosh proposes to resume the publication of the Christian Visitant. It will be issued semi-monthly, in 8 12mo. pages each, making 192 pages to the Vol.

TERMS.—Three copies (of 192 pages each) will be sent to any single direction for one dollar—12 copies for three dollars, and 100 copies for eighteen dollars. Payment *always* in advance.

Letters to be directed, post paid, "A. B. Grosh, Utica, N. Y."

New Pamphlets.

We have just issued from the Press, and now have for sale at the publishing offices of this Paper, 2 Chatham Square, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-st. Philadelphia, the following Pamphlets, well calculated for distribution, viz. Mistakes concerning Deity a Sermon, by A. C. Thomas, being the one published in No. 32 of the Messenger—25 cts. per dozen.

Important Questions, with Scripture Answers, and the references to the texts, by Miss Lucy Barnes, a new edition, to which are added 22 Important Questions to believers in Endless Misery—25 cts. per dozen.

Proof of Universalism, being the article published under that head in No. 39 of the Messenger, together with the "Universalists Belief and Rule of Life," written by a Clergyman of the Universalist Church, and presented as a reason of the hope within him—published in No. 40 of the Messenger—31 cts. per dozen.

Statement of Facts, in relation to Rev. Dr. Brownlee, and the N. Y. Christian Intelligencer—third edition.

A variety of other Pamphlets are also constantly on hand. Friends are invited to call and examine. Much good can be done at very little expense to individuals, by being supplied with these things.

213 Questions and Answers.

We have now ready for sale at No. 2 Chatham-Square, N. Y. and 132 Chesnut-street, Philadelphia, the 12 Nos. of the Messenger and Universalist containing the above Questions, Answers and Rejoinders, in pamphlet binding—price 37 1-2 single, \$3.50 cents per doz.

Hymn Books, &c.

A new supply of Streeter's Hymns,
A few copies of Smith on Divine Government,
Do. do. Paige's Selections.

Pickerings Lectures in defence of Divine Revelation, a valuable work, by the dozen or single.

Sunday School Hymns, third edition, (schools can be accommodated with any quantity at the publisher's price.)

With a variety of other Universalist Books for sale at the Messenger office, No. 2 Chatham-Square foot of the Bowery, N. Y.